

## Signs of the Times.

On Saturday evening last, a meeting of the friends of HENRY CLAY was held at the Court-house in this city. The large room in the Court-house was crowded. With the political objects of the meeting, we as editors, have, of course, nothing to do. But we wish to refer to the eloquent remarks made by the orator of the evening, Charles M. Thurston, Esq., on the subject of slavery. Mr. T. said that all the old questions of bank, protection, &c., had given way to a more important one—that of slavery. Every one might see that this was the great question. He went on to speak of some of the evils of slavery, and exclaimed: "Would to God we were rid of it!" Here the pent-up feelings of those present burst forth in the most enthusiastic applause. We feel that that meeting has pronounced the doom of slavery—that then, at least, the voice of the people, was the voice of God! Let no one say now that our prospects are gloomy. Mr. Thurston said he hoped an emancipation clause would be inserted in the new Constitution. Here again he was interrupted by the most hearty applause. This may be considered the first note taken on the subject, and not a voice was lifted up in defence of slavery.

This may be considered the beginning of good times. Let all orators throughout the State take a noble stand, as Mr. Thurston has done, and they need have no fear that they will not be sustained by the people. The hour is ready for the man.

## The Odds.

We met an intelligent mechanic the other day on the river bank just on his return home.

"Where have you been?"  
"To Cincinnati—I had to go there, and buy some things which will save me full \$25!"

"How so?"  
"Why it is so easy to get things there from Dayton, the railroad and canal afford such an easy communication from all parts of the State, that many articles can be afforded at lower rates. And a great many of our mechanics go there to buy."

Thus it is. The free make the slave States tributary to them. We send them the iron; they work it up for us. We send it from the far interior—from East Tennessee—the mountain region of Kentucky—and it is made at Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, &c., into plows, stoves, &c., and returned to us. We raise the cotton, they weave it for us.

What is the cause? Why are we thus dependent?

## Any Arms or Power?

Such was the question asked by us the other day by a man who came to our house.

"What do you want with it?" we asked.  
"I sell it in Cincinnati for manufacturing purposes," was his reply.

So, then, we are contributing to other places, our very refuse wares made valuable to them, and valueless to us—because labor does not find a motive to manufacture them here. Who pays the piper? What forces us to do it?

## Go Ahead!

We are to have to new factories here soon. That's right. They will add to our strength; give their enterprising owners a lift, then, and help them by a liberal patronage. The workers in them will be freemen. The more we have of such, the more will our wealth be increased. Let us stand by labor—do for it all we can.

## Awake! Awake!

For the world is rousing up! Not alone here, but in the dark desolation of Austria, not in the grinding tyranny of Naples, but everywhere, in lands barbarian, as well as Christian! Awake, then, and answer the world's swelling chorus of freedom, wisely, nobly.

And what has started—what, as all will admit, has helped to swell this commotion—to make the Alps ring, and the lowlands of the Mediterranean echo back the cry for constitutional liberty in all Europe, to annihilate Royalty in France, and lift above it a glorious ideal of Republicanism? Our example! The example of Republican America! Perfect that, then—let not slave, nor master be known here, give to one and to all the goodly opportunity of doing and thriving—and, in fifty years this example of ours, will secure equality of rights and opportunities in every civilized land upon the earth.

Can we refuse?

The *Boy of Tunis*, barbarian though he be, has abolished slavery. In his solemn proclamation, he denounces it as a disgrace to Africa, and the Mohammedan religion. Hear you that, freemen of the South? Honest, Christian slaveholders, know you this barbarian's act? You are not deaf. None of you, freemen or slaveholders, are deaf to such a glorious deed. Be the foremost then, in kindred acts. What though political persecutions, madmen, almost, on the subject of slavery, run riot; what though fawning and cringing supplicants of the free States bend the supple knee to them—do you, brave Southerners, who know the evil and the wrong, and feel the injustice of slavery, do you, rise in your might, and act yourselves, in your own right, put forth your resolve, by lofty deed make clear your lofty purpose—that all shall be free.

For yourselves, slaveholders, do this!

The old King of Sardinia, wise in his way—knowing what will be, anticipates the people's demand, by giving them a Constitution. Hear you not their shout of applause? Hear you not how all Europe rings with his praise? Not thus, because you cannot help yourselves, but because it is right, declare in behalf of emancipation, and there is not a land, far or near, not a nation, civilized or barbarian, where the people would not rise up and bless you! With one voice, the generous slaveholders of Kentucky, would be hailed as masters of themselves, and true men of mark—as true men who love liberty, and would perpetuate it the world over!

It is charged against you now, that "you breed men and maidens, for sale in the market, as the grazier owns and swine."

We have lifted our voice to defend the majority of you from this charge. We have brought upon ourselves severe rebuke for so doing. Yet let us do justice! The flag of the Union floats in sight of shambles where the traffic in human flesh is tolerated—within stables throw of the Capitol of the nation, the infernal commerce is carried on before men, and High Heaven, as if it were just. Here, too, in our own beautiful city, where public opinion revolts at it, this trading in human beings exists, and men and women in coffins, robed and guarded, are shipped as if they were dumb brutes, to the far South. For this you suffer! For this the cause of humanity suffers! Unite then, philanthropic slaveholders, and declare, come what may to you, whether honor or disgrace, wealth or poverty, that these wrongs shall not be, that you will have no lot, nor part, in a system which breeds a curse so insupportable, and that among the best and bravest, who will be first in demanding universal emancipation! This will dispense all such charges, and bring you, not to disgrace, not poverty, but honor, wealth, and above all, and better than all, your own self-approval, man's love, God's richest blessing, now and hereafter!

In no other way can we stop the objection urged against us in autocratic lands—in France—in England—in America—"Man is a thing, property, that marriage has no license, that family ties may be severed when adverse prospects capriciously will."

Is it so? In theory, this is all true. Examined by our slave codes, tested by our statutes, and how else can foreigners know us? the slave States of the South cannot gainst it. There was a time, it is true, when the stout old slaveholder, Rutledge, of South Carolina, or his colleague of wider fame, Pickens, could assert, as they did, that "Religion and Humanity have nothing to do with this question, interest alone is the governing principle of nations;" but this day is past. Kentucky by solemn statute denies and denounces this cold-blooded doctrine. She says authoritatively, in her sovereign power, "no slave from abroad shall be added to the number of slaves now on her soil." But bondage is here; it is fixed upon us; it is on our soil; and unless we remove it, declare that godless, there is not a depot in Europe, not a hangar-on in her Royal Courts; not a noble, with or without self-interest; not a courtier, or court follower, who cannot point to Kentucky, and say: "See there, even in this boasted land of liberty, there are slaves—even there masters lord it over men, and why should we be called upon to abandon vested rights, time-honored usages, consecrated titles, heaven-appointed rights, and its appendages?" To clear your skirts, slaveholders, to free your country from a foul blot, to make our Republicanism pure in example, come out for emancipation! Boldly, manfully declare for freedom! Erase from the statute books the slave code, and let no man, no people, point to the records of Kentucky, as sustaining human wrong, or to Kentuckians as upholding, in any way, human oppression.

Our nation, as a nation, must move in behalf of liberty, and freemen and slaveholders of the South should help it to do so.

What a thrill of joy animated our Republic, when South America declared herself free! How our people leapt with enthusiastic delight when Greece broke the Turkish thralldom! From the halls of Congress, from the primary assemblies of the people, from the press, there went up but one sentiment and one voice. And what was the motive, the spring of this action? That freedom might be extended; that pure Republicanism might be enjoyed on our continent, and in civilized Europe! And what will South America think, what must Europe say of us, if, besides perpetrating slavery in our own land, we conquer other lands to extend it? Why, there would not be a man, woman, or child, out of the Union, that knew the facts, who would not brist against us, burning words of scorn and contempt! Shall we put ourselves in this position? Will you, freemen of the South, will you, slaveholders, consent, through fear, self-indulgence, avarice, ambition, or any consideration whatever, to make thus the world's scorn against you, and your native land? Rouse yourselves up then, stir up all your better influences, concentrate your energies, and make a brave, a great effort, to redeem yourselves from a biting curse, and the Union from a black and damning cancer spot.

See how Europe offers you, slaveholders, a noble example! Who leads the Revolution in Sicily? The Nobles. Who anticipates the wish of the people in Sardinia? The King. Who braves Royalty in France? Not one more enthusiastic for liberty than such peers as Count D'Alton Shee, and Marquis de Boissy. Nobles and people, are for universal freedom. Consecrate yourselves, then, to the glorious faith, and let it be said of you, as the proudest honor could confer, or you win, that no farther they could, the slaveholders of Kentucky redeemed Republican America from human thralldom.

## The New Men.

Is it not rising? The old is waning, and old things are passing away with it. Not what is pure and good in them; these remain to purify and swell the light of the new men! But the harsh discord of tyrannical rule is fast being crushed, and the harmony of a truer social condition seen, recognized, struggled for. Long will it be ere we realize the song of the poet; but it will be realized. Let us toil on then, never doubting, never fearing, patient, and full of faith to the end!

A brighter morn awaits the human day. When every transfer of earth's natural gifts shall be a commerce of good words and works; when poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame, the fear of infamy, disease, and war, with its million horrors, and fierce hell shall live in the memory of time. Who, like a peasant libertine, shall start, look back, and shudder at his younger years.

## France a Republic.

The *Galathea*, with fourteen days later dates, (the sailed on the 12th inst.) arrived at Boston, March 28.

The telegraphic accounts, necessarily, are meagre, and, when matters of such moment are pending, unsatisfactory. This is clear, however, that France has established a Republic, and that she is recognized as such by the principal nations of Europe. For details, see steamers' news.

All was quiet in France. Louis and wife, with Guizot had reached England; Duc d'Aumale and Prince de Joinville, were off Toulon, and were safe. Very soon the people would meet to establish a Republican Government!

What may not a people do when resolved to accomplish great things?

## John Quincy Adams.

C. F. ADAMS, we hear, will soon put to press his father's works. We are rejoiced to learn this. The son, in any country would be honored for his virtue, courage, and fidelity to truth, and the cause of human rights. Who so fit, then, to edit such a sire's works? They were carefully revised by Mr. ADAMS, and will make, it is said, some eighteen or twenty large volumes.

## Cincinnati Meeting.

The following resolution was passed at the City meeting, held in Cincinnati last Friday night:

Resolved, That we will support no man for the Presidency or Vice Presidency, at the ensuing election, who is not openly, avowedly, and heartily opposed to the institution of slavery in any territory of the United States.

## An Advance.

Statistics of the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, as taken from the Journal of the General Convention of 1847:

	1835.	1847.	Increase.
Dioceses,	19	29	9
Clergy,	763	1,404	641
Communicants,	36,416	53,500	17,084

We call attention to the advertisement of C. H. Barkley. He is a trustworthy, industrious gentleman; and we are confident that business confided to him will be faithfully attended to.

Mr. SOULE, of New Orleans, was punished for contempt of Court, by Judge McHenry of that city. While in prison, he was treated like a Prince. There is something wrong here—in the court or the people.

The Cholera had disappeared at St. Petersburg Russia.

Dr. Sumner has been chosen Primate of England, to succeed the Archbishop of Canterbury deceased.

FATHER MATTHEW will be in the U. States in May next. Why not ask him to visit Louisville, Sons of Temperance?

## Obituary Notices.

We copy the following obituary notice from the Cincinnati Gazette:  
Died of Cholera Diarrhoea, in the Military Hospital at New Orleans, 21st February, 1848, JOHN B. WRIGHT, aged 14 years 9 months, son of the late Dr. WRIGHT of this city, and grandson of the late Dr. of the Gazette.

This youth, smitten with the pomp and pageantry of war, was a member of the late Capt. Kennedy's Company, Fourth Ohio Regiment; and after several months spent on duty in Mexico, being promoted by one of the diseases incident to the climate and the service, returned to the United States on the sick list, reaching New Orleans on the 17th ult., on his way to this city.

He had enlisted before entering the Fourth Ohio, and proceeded as far as Louisville, from which place he was brought back by friends. But being infatuated with the idea of the service, and seduced from his duty, he re-enlisted and had been to Mexico.

The penalty is severe; but if this brief record of his error, and its consequences, commend itself to his former associates, and other youth of his age, his life, short as it was, will not have passed in vain.

The lesson is made more impressive, by the fact that he possessed traits of character which, fully and rightly developed, would have made his career in manhood one of honor and distinction.

The hand that penned this obituary was, we presume, the grandfather of the dead youth, and his heart bled while he was doing it. He loved the boy. Yet, not even this love could make him forget the duty he owed the living. That he has nobly performed, in a trying and sad hour, and every generous bosom, acquainted with it, will bless him for doing it, and sympathize with him in his sorrow.

And what an example! If we could but learn to speak the truth of the dead—how surely should we benefit and bless the living! And how could we harm the dead? Their very spirits would hover over us in joy for our honesty—True love for our kind—a holy and religious affection for the dead and the living—surely, that, if we could but give the true character of the departed, that the errors of youth, the crimes of manhood, and the vices of old age, might be greatly lessened, and happily avoided. Shall it be done? Shall the lofty example of Judge Wright be followed? We trust for the good of all that it may be!

Alas! for those who "seduced" the boy from his duty! If they be men, they will feel bitter-ness of soul as they remember his early death, and how they caused aged and pure hearts to bleed over his lone and untimely end.

**New Territories—Who Shall over Them?**  
The extreme doctrine of the perpetuists, that neither Congress, nor the people of a territory, have authority in or over it, as regards slavery, meets with no fewer among Democrats or Whigs out of certain States. Leading prints of the South—among them we may mention the Raleigh Star, Savannah Georgian, Baltimore American—count at it, and the Louisville Journal denounces its authors as attempting to found a new sectional prejudice, and raise a sectional issue which no condition of things will warrant. It says, after declaring that the Wilcox Provision "presents no difficulty—for it raises no question, and that" the question of slavery does not appertain to the General Government.

In the territory now to be acquired in Mexico, slavery does not exist; and, by the general law, slavery taken into it, after it is acquired by the United States, is, in contemplation of law, free. That is, in a suit for liberty by such slave, the Judge would be bound to declare them free. However after the admission of any part of this territory as a State of this Union, it would be for slave States to determine whether it would be for slaves or not.

The case is so. This we have endeavored to prove; if, indeed, proof were needed on a question so clearly settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Courts of the South, and by the State action of Kentucky. We have forbore the introduction of slaves into the Commonwealth by the law of 1835, and we could not, on the one hand, deny the right to any other people, or seek, on the other, to force them to do as we wished. But let us, though this point is so clear, adduce one more authority. A Jurist lays down in his feelings and aims, the late Mr. Justice STORY. He says:

As the General Government possesses the right to acquire territory by treaty or conquest, it follows as an inevitable consequence that it possesses the power to govern what it has so acquired. The territory does not, when so acquired, become subject to self-government, and it is not subject to the jurisdiction of any State. It must, consequently, be under the dominion and jurisdiction of the Union, or it would be without any government at all.

Now, admitting the general view, restricts the right of Congress in one particular—that is, that it acquires territory with a number of civilized inhabitants, having a particular code of their own, they have a right to demand its continuance, and it is only by the enactment of new laws by Congress that such code can be approved, altered, or rejected. The legal question, to territories, is settled, if any thing be settled.

## The Marseillaise.

We have published Lamartine's interesting account of the origin and effect of this famous Hymn. ROBERT DE LERIE, the author, will long be remembered. It is the National Lyric of France, and will be sung in Europe, with wild enthusiasm, wherever blows are thickest in the fight for freedom. We copy, from the Tribune what is termed "an old, but admirable translation of the Marseillaise Hymn."

Ye sons of France awake to glory,  
Hark, hark what myrads bid you rise!  
Your children, wives and grandsons hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries.

Shall tyrants tyrants, miscreant brooding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?

(CHORUS.)—To arms! to arms ye brave!  
Too long the world has seen us howling,  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which truch rout Kings confederate raise;  
The dog of war let loose is howling,  
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,  
Which lawless force with guilty stride  
Spreads desolation o'er the world,  
With crime and blood his hands embracing?

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile insatiate despots dare—  
Their thirst of gold and power unquenched—  
To meet and vend the light and air.

Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like tyrants bid their slaves adore;  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Nor shall they longer lash and goad us.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame;  
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has seen us howling,  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.

Armed Force—Unarmed Truth.  
Paris was surrounded with force, belted in with them. Looking at their wild foundation, and their capacity for raising iron-hall upon the city, Louis said, his Ministers vauntingly declared, "we are safe, as people will batter at these monsters, or the armed men that master them!"

The people, the deputies of the people, in pacific garb, demanded their right. Opinion was stung into action. The flag of light was given, and armed truth, defeated Royalty, and his armed men, and have turned their palaces and forts into hospitals, and places of refuge for the sick, and suffering, and wounded. Who need fear in the huge waste, between truth and falsehood? Truth, unarmed though she be, will always conquer.

## Industry—Industry!

What will it not accomplish! All that the poet says—

All is the gift of Industry  
Whatever exalts, embellishes, and renders  
life delightful.

Yet how are we to practice it—how obtain and perpetuate this virtue—unless we inspire ourselves and others with a love for it—with strong motives to cultivate and encourage it? We may not disguise our condition, nor mistake its consequences. If we do, we shall rue it.

The wise men of the past saw and felt the effect of slavery upon industry in their day. They made the same comparisons we do, to exhibit it. Said Governor Morris in 1787:

Compare the regions of the middle States, where a rich and noble cultivation marks the property and happiness of the people, with the misery and poverty which overspread the barren wastes of Virginia, Maryland, and other States having slaves. Travel through the whole continent, and you behold the prospect continually varying with the appearance and disappearance of slavery.

The moment you leave the Eastern States, and enter New York, the effects of the institution become visible. Passing through the Jerseys, and entering Pennsylvania, every criterion of superior improvement witnesses the change. Proceed Southwardly, and every step you take through the great regions of slaves presents a desert, increasing with the increasing proportion of these wretched beings.

Is the contrast less striking now? It is more so. Exhausted lands are valueless; rich soils made poor; no progress any where; none of the means and appliances which make and mark greatness and growth.

What is this that builds up the State?

Simply this, that the poor and the enterprising make it their home, and love it as such. Ohio has been created out of the wilderness by such men. All the new States are created in this way. The free go there with their labor—hire it out 'til they get enough to buy a farm, or own a shop—and then as proprietors employ others who come on the same errand they did. But our Kentucky slavery is an insupportable bar against the immigration of the poor and the enterprising from the older States and Europe. They will not, and they should not, settle, where this richest and most creative of all wealth-free labor—is degraded by slavery. Put the question to yourself, reader, and ask whether you would be willing to hire your time and intelligence in a State where your industry would be stamped as slavish. The South receives, comparatively, no immigration from free States. Nor can she. Hence are we cut off by the monster evil of our age and land, from the great source of growth.

What is it that sustains a State?

We hear people say sometimes "Oh you talk of the depopulation of the South—look at Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas—these are new States—they are all filling up; all growing." Admit it. But how are they filling up? By planters from the old States, who have left their homes and lands to exhaust again the rich virgin soil of the West. And what will be their growth? Just what South Carolina's was. They will start well—look vigorous for a season—flag—fall—fall. For the vital principle is wanting to sustain a State whose slavery exists, as we may discern, if we will but look diligently upon the Northern States. Where there is labor degraded! All is reciprocal. If the farmer hires laborers, or the manufacturer workmen, they have no cause of quarrel with each other, no ground for ill-will, no opposition. They all toil together—employers and employed. They who hire their labor to farmers, do so for their gain, and expect ere long to obtain means to buy for themselves a farm. Thus wealth goes on accumulating—population increasing—and the power of the State multiplying with rapid progress. The reverse of this is the case in the South. There the slave comes in—degrades labor—robs it of its vital principle of growth—and leaves it poor in resources, weak in wealth, monotonous in employment, and sinks it lower and lower every year in all that gives or nurtures real power.

Nor can we, amid slavery, alter this condition of things.

We hear men say, "introduce manufactures, vary labor, scatter the wealth of the South, teach it industry, force it to toil and become enterprising, and the South would be equal to the North." Well, do it! It is easy to talk. The South Carolina men are at this now. We have before us an able article from the Columbia Carolinian, and two long letters, from distinguished citizens, asserting and showing, that the only "want" is "the resolve to do," to make South Carolina as thrifty and thriving as Connecticut. It cannot be done. God's eternal laws put this beyond the power of mortal man. Only reason upon it a moment, independent, wholly of the general effect of slavery upon industry. No man at the North needs cash capital to start with. Free air and a firm tread, and the opportunity to work, is all that he wants. His muscles and head will do the rest. He will sell his labor, as we have already said, and with that create wealth and buy his farm. And if there be capital which seeks investment in manufactures, or foundries, or large establishments of any industrial character, the owners hire their operatives—fifty, an hundred, three hundred, five hundred—to ply the machinery, or toll at the forge, or do whatever is needed, giving them pay, weekly, for their work. But how is it in the slave States? There operatives for farms, for manufacturing purposes, have to be bought first—and thus, at the outset, a barrier is raised up, which stops all healthy and onward movements in this respect. We have few small traders—few small farmers—few small manufacturers; the tendency is to drive all such away—not only because slavery demands large plantations—but because it monopolizes business, and property within a limited circle of individuals. Add to this the facts already stated, that slavery degrades labor, that the slaves are non-producers, and make, by their existence as such, the laboring whites around them non-producers, to a great extent also, and we must admit that we of the South, while slavery exists, cannot succeed, largely, in introducing manufactures, diffusing wealth, or teaching our people to be industrious, enterprising—or making, in the true sense of the word, the majority of our white laborers, producers.

A friend of ours, and in other days, a playmate, is Carolina, says, "we can make slave labor intelligent, if we cannot purchase otherwise intelligent labor," and thus manufacture profitably.

Impossible. We say this, not that we differ from him as to the fact, that the negro may be made intelligent. We would not mock our God with a blasphemy so wild and irreverent, as to say, or suppose, that he had not given all his creatures, the capacity to attain the fullest stature of manhood, be they colored what it may.

Nor yet do we question the assertion, if slaves were taught to read the bible, to respect the rights of marriage and were, by law, protected in their family relations and home ties, that their labor could be made fourfold more productive than it is. We believe it would be. But such a "step forward" at the South, now, is an utter impossibility. Look, friend, at the slave code of our native States! No barbarian Emperor has one so cruel. No savage King mocks humanity with one so inhuman. If repeated to you as being the rule of Algiers, in its worst day, or of ferocious and wildest savages, you would declare it to be monstrous, even for pirate Africa, or smallest of human monsters! And, then, the idea of buying intelligent labor where labor is degraded! It is ridiculous as the dream of holding the winds in the palm of your hand. Why, before us, even while we are writing, stands a native Kentuckian, who but lately pledged his faith at the altar to a fair girl, born like him on the soil, an abolitionist, indeed he is full of wrath against them, who says, "I would rather die almost than leave, but I will not stand up and stand the degradation which slavery puts upon me and mine." Money will do much. It can buy men for office—make slaves of them, if it put a feather in their caps. But there is one thing it cannot do—it cannot make the intelligent laborers of our land submit to personal degradation—high as the Alps, they would be rather—of our South Carolina friend—is futile. It can never be realized while slavery endures as it is.

Let no one say or suppose that we write as we do because we love not the South. We love it with our whole heart. We love its genial nature—its warm hospitality—its generous impulse. We like its manners. We like, above all, its manliness, as regards the general bearing of its people. And though we hate slavery, as an unappealing curse in itself, as inflicting biting ills, and disasters upon our own race, while enslaving another, yet, in the hope to heal the horrible wound it has inflicted, to restore the bleeding patient to full and vigorous health—we would strive—diligently and religiously strive—in doing so—to palliate every suffering and protect every interest. We would have the South, indeed, be its own physician. We would have it recognized before the world, as an exemplar, ready to acknowledge the intolerable evil of slavery, and good and great enough to do exact and even justice to its victims.

**Judge Walker's and William Greene's Oration, &c.**  
CINCINNATI, March 27, 1848.

This is a "plaguey" big city, and "peck" troublesome to get through. If the sun shines, the people are so numerous, there is no getting along with comfort, and if it rains, the mud is so thick there is danger of man and beast falling. This Cincinnati is a bee-hive—every body busy—at work—nothing but work, work, work!

The twenty-second (the civic celebration of Mr. Adams' funeral services) was to have been a great day here, and it would have been, had not the rain poured down in torrents! It spoiled the procession. It was respectable, imposing—nothing less; but hundreds joined it only, when, if the upper sky had been clear, thousands upon thousands would have marched, and made it a grand display.

The rain, however, did not prevent the church, where the oration was to be delivered, from being jammed, nor the orator, Judge WALKER, from delivering an able, eloquent address, on the character of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. I meant to give you a synopsis of it. But it is to be published, and you can then do something better—give his beautiful words, and his manly thoughts, and let them go forth to encourage, enlighten, strengthen the patriotic of every age. It was as you will admit, a great effort.

The Bar had their celebration on Saturday night—and College Hall was full to hear its orator, WILLIAM GREENE, Esq. And well did he perform his duty! As one in love with the mighty man just departed, yet anxious mainly to infuse his spirit in all around, as one familiar with the principles and character of Mr. Adams, yet dwelling on his life rather to benefit the living, than to eulogize the dead, he was, at once, earnest, impressive, strong in appeal, and strong in thought. This, too, will be published. I leave you then to read it, and to impart to your readers all or part of it, believing that you can do no better by the public than to give it the solid productions of such men as Judge Walker and William Greene.

Are you fond of old things? "When good," I hear you answer. Well, here is a hymn from Sir Henry Wotton that is good. It was sung at the Cincinnati celebration on the 23d, and produced from its spontaneity a marked sensation. As the music swelled, and the words, in clear, melodious accents, swelled over the dome, many a thrill of joy animated it, and the thought percolated in every heart, was, that the patriot of the sixteenth century had lived out what the bard of the sixteenth had sung.

How happy is he born and taught,  
That serves not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill!

Whose passions no master's are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the worldly care  
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice, who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of State, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Who neither flatters nor fears great;  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who doth to all and early pray,  
More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

**Diplomatic Relations with Rome.**

The policy of having diplomatic relations with Rome, has been thoroughly discussed in Congress and the British Parliament, and in both it has been resolved to establish them.

The character of the objections to this policy, was the same in both countries. The Bishop of Winchester, in the House of Lords, and Mr. Badger, in the United States Senate, used the same arguments. The mission would be to the Pope—it was his Holiness that ruled Rome—and no protestant land should recognize, directly or indirectly, the spiritual right which he asserted.

In reply, it was urged, that the measure was no concession to Roman Catholicism—no recognition of the Pope as such. It was to send a mission to a real temporal power—the withholding of which might be hurtful to public interests, and would transmute commercial relations. The Bishop of St. David's, in the House of Lords said:

There is a wide distinction between political connection and spiritual authority. I have no fears that the interests of Religion will be compromised by a mission to Rome. I am delighted with the progress of events in Italy, and must temper the character and ability of Pius. But because he is a Pope, we cannot affect to ignore his existence as a temporal Prince, or refuse secretly to have connection with his agents. I simply ask as an ambassador, and I will heartily support the measure.

A mission to Rome has been determined upon by both countries. England forbidding an ecclesiastic to be sent as ambassador.

Mail failures are very frequent. Where are the merchants, chambers of commerce